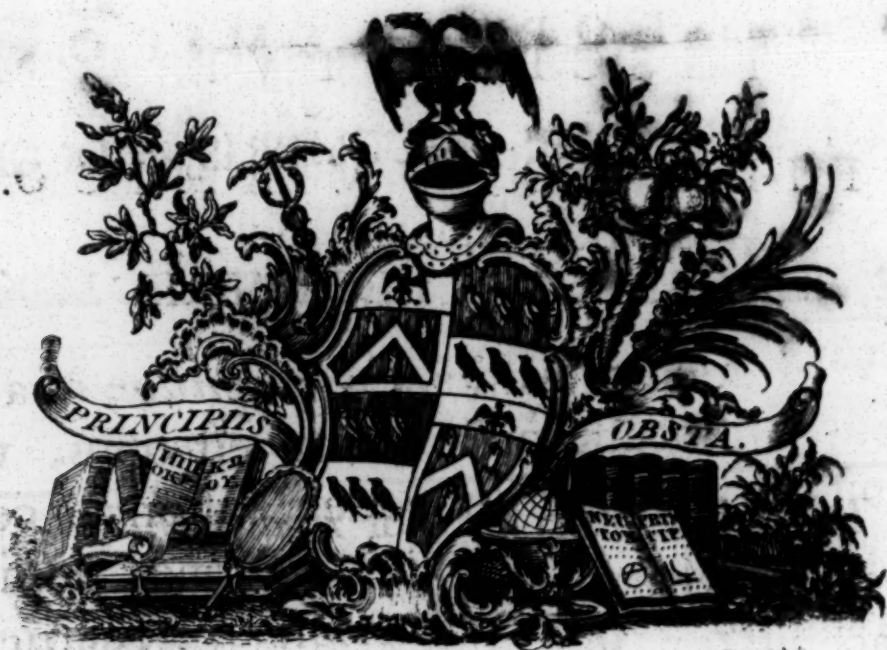


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F R A G M E N T V M
ISAACI HAWKINS BROWNE, ARM.
C O M P L E T V M.
ANTI-BOLINGBROKIVS. LIBER SECVNDVS.
RELIGIO MEDICI ALTERA.
ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA:
AVCTORE D. GVLIELMO BROWNE, EQV. AVR.
COLLEGII MEDICORVM LONDINENSIS
NVPER PRAESIDE, NVNC PATRE:
SOCIETATIS REGIAE
S O D A L I.



Quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati:
Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne trahat nos:
Et quae sit natura boni, summumque, quid ejus.
Scilicet uni aequus virtuti, atque ejus amicis. HOR.

Sic multas hyemes, ac septuagesima vidit
Solstitia, his armis, illa quoque tutus in aula. IVV.

L O N D O N, MDCCLXIX.

Printed and Sold, by W. OWEN, near Temple-bar.

Price One Shilling Six Pence.

Musaeo Britannico, ab Auctore. Febry 10. 1769

INGENIOSISSIMO,

OPTIMOQUE

IUVENI,

ISAACO HAWKINS BROWNE, ARM.

FILIO

ISAACI HAWKINS BROWNE, ARM.

FRAGMENTVM

PATRIS

COMPLETVM

STVDIOSISSIME

INSCRIBITVR,

A FIDO EORVM AMICO.

BATHONIAE, XII CALENDAS DECEMBRIS, MDCCLXVIII.

MONITVM.

SVSCEPTVM meum Amici *Fragmentum*, qua possem, complere adeo pergratum mihi visum est opus, vel inter suavissimas amoenitates, jucundissimaque Bathoniae colloquia, ut plus festinationis, si permultas ibi avocationes respicias, in hoc praestando, quam in *Versione* ista priori exercuerim. Hoc unum est in votis, ut id ipsum utrique illorum tale damnum haud adtulerit, quod vix, aut ne vix quidem, ignosci debuerit. Stilum Amici imitatus sum quantum potui; id maxime, sed frustra, ambiens, *ut non tam Auctoris amicus, quam Auctor ipse, sibi superstes*, complendo et edendo Anti-Bolingbrokio *incumbere videretur*: quod, quidem, ipsum jure merito dictum cernimus, de Abbate Rothelino, *dissecta membra* colligente, preloque totum aptante, mortui ejus amici *Cardinalis Poliniaci* Anti-Lucretium; qui tamen et falcem et finem ab ultima manu plurimum adhuc desiderat: hoc pariter verum est, quoad partem meam, de *Anti-Bolingbrokio*. Qui vere dici potest *Anti-Lucretius-Anglicus*.

TO THE MOST INGENIOUS,
AND MOST VIRTUOUS
YOUTH,
ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.
SON OF
ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.
THE FRAGMENT
OF HIS FATHER
COMPLETED,
IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED,
BY THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND.
BATH, NOVEMBER XX, MDCCLXVIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MY undertaking to complete, as well as I could, the Fragment of my Friend, hath appeared to me so very entertaining a work, even amongst the most charming delights, and most chearful conversations at Bath; that I have used more expedition, if the very many avocations there be considered, in performing this, than in that former Translation. I have onely to wish, that this very thing may not have proved of such prejudice to both of them, as scarcely, or not at all, ought to be pardoned. I have imitated the stile of my Friend, as closely as I was able; being extremely, but in vain, ambitious, that rather than the Author's friend, the Author himself, surviving himself, might seem to attend the completing and publishing *Anti-Bolingbrokius*: which very thing, indeed, we see most justly said, of Abbé Rothelin, collecting the scattered remains, and praeparating the whole for the press, his deceased friend Cardinal Polignac's *Anti-Lucretius*; which however still very much wants both pruning and finishing by a last hand: this is aequally true, as to my share, of *Anti-Bolingbrokius*. Which may be truly called *Anti-Lucretius-Anglicus*.

To Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq.

Son of his deceased Friend,

Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq.

On coming of age, December 7, 1766.

Sir William Browne sends Congratulation.

Sequiturque Patrem, o sit! passibus aequis.

His father's great example is his view:

O MAY HE! *that, with aequal pace persue.*

- N**O full-blown Flow'r so beauteous can appear,
As Youth, attaining the maturing year!
When, with the body's shining form, are join'd
The much more shining beauties of the mind:
5 When Innocence, in her bright robe array'd,
Shews Virtue's lustre, without Vice's shade.
Hail happy Youth! whose admirable bloom
Gives a glad prospect of all joys to come!
GOOD-NATURE, sweetly smiling in the face,
10 Lays claim to be the introducing grace.
Next Ingenuity, with just praetence,
Pleads the high merit of superior sense.
Wit furnishes the salutary laugh:
And Repartee's a sport, like quarter-staff.
15 Learning advances, with her radiant pow'rs,
Ready to pour forth all her hoarded stores:
But Modesty forbids, with blushing cheek,
Being much better pleas'd to hear, than speak.
Humanity, on all occasions shewn,
20 Takes every human case to be her own.
Compassion, with her lowly look, appears;
And on distress spares not her falling tears.
Charity adds her seasonable aid;
And the afflicted wretch is happy made.
25 Blest Generosity can never grieve;
Since, *there's more joy to give, than to receive.*
Truth bids defiance to the pow'r of lies:
Her naked charms abhor all base disguise.
Prudence, attending at each dang'rous pass,
30 Points the safe road, by holding out her glass.
Justice, in every article praevalens,
And shews to all the world her aequal scales.
Calm Temperance a life of health commands;
With her curb-bridle ever in her hands.
35 Fortitude, against Fortune steels the breast;
On her firm pillar, always sure to rest.
Patience, instructed all things to endure,
Lightens each evil, that admits no cure.
Friendship a second dearest self will give:
40 Charm'd with her chaste delights, you'll doubly live.
Religion, from whom all true joy is given,
42 The joys of earth concludes, with joys of Heaven.

FRAGMENTVM

FRAGMENTVM COMPLETVM.
ANTI-BOLINGBROKIVS. LIBER SECVNDVS.

RELIGIO MEDICI ALTERA.

QVID sequitur? Malus ille sibi num facta probaret
Ista eadem abs aliis, aliis quae fecerat ipse?
Scilicet uxorem a moechis, natas violari
Vellet et optaret, qui crimina tanta patrârat?
5 Num furta, atque neces, incensasque ignibus aedes,
Aut apud illum ipsum, charos aut inter amicos,
Et *siccis oculis*, felix hic cernere posset?
Num genus omne boni qui sic nesciverit, et qui
Omne mali genus ipse facit, patiturque, putaret
10 Hunc tamen interea se funditus esse beatum?
Stoica tam insanis, en, victa superbia dictis!
Ad summum usque gradum, solita est sprevisse dolorem:
Sed

FRAGMENT COMPLETED.
ANTI-BOLINGBROKIVS. BOOK SECOND.

A SECOND RELIGIO MEDICI.

WHAT follows? Wou'd this man, from others, own
The same things right, which he to them had done?
Wou'd he who whor'd his neighbour's wife, and child,
Be as well pleas'd, to have his own defil'd?
5 Were houses fir'd, robb'ries, and murders done,
Or in the case of friends, or in his own,
Cou'd, with dry eyes, this happy man look on?
Cou'd he, who thus does not one good possess,
Who ev'ry ill both feels, and practises,
10 Yet think, that this is perfect happiness?
This madness ev'n exceeds the Stoic's pride!
He pain, in its extreme degree, defied:

Sed quamquam nihil inde mali sibi cedere posse,
Non adco absurda, ut se diceret inde beari.

- 15 Felicem vitiis propriis se credere possit
Quisque Epicuraeus, dum gaudia sola supersint :
Crimina sed patiens aliorum, ait, altera fors est,
Cessavitque omnis, nunc *empta dolore, voluptas*.
Verum age, fac jam sit contentus, nonne beatus ?
20 * *Quod satis est festum*, dicunt, *aequaverit amplum*.
Num quis, ais, nostrum possit felicior esse,
Quam qui contentus ? Contentum, aio, esse necesse est,
Ut vir sit felix : vero nisi tam ratione,
Quam quoque forte sua contentus, nemo beatus
25 Re vera vel dictus erit, vel creditus ipsi.

* *Eo illud satius est satis, quod satis est*. Plautus, Poenul. Act. I. Sc. II. v. 75.

- By him though it no ill was understood,
He never err'd so far, to hold it good.*
15 *Ev'ry Epicuraean may rejoice,
During delight, that vice has been his choice :
But when the crimes of others break his peace,
His lot will then be own'd a diff'rent case ;
Now bought with pain, soon will all pleasure cease.* }
20 *But come, suppose him pleas'd : is he not thought
Happy, who is contented with his lot ?
Enough, as by the proverb is exprest,
Is ever equal to the fullest feast.
Can any more by happiness be meant,*
25 *You say, than that the mind shou'd be content ?
Content is most essential indeed
To real happiness, it is agreed :
But unless our right reason's solid weight
Has its full share, in this contented state,*
30 *None truly can this happy title bear ;
Nor truly happy to himself appear.*

This

- Stultus stultorum hic Paradisus habebitur omni
 Ab sapiente nihil : cui mens haerebit inepte.
 Miror ! sic nostrum prave cecinisse * Poëtam !
Principibus certe merito benedicere possis,
 30 *Qui latum imperium, magnum nomenve sequuntur*
Armis : dum proprio doceant errore beatam
Sortem haud esse aliud, quam quod sibi quisque putabit.
 Nonne, rogo, hic vitiis contentos cernere posset ?
 Nonne quod ipsa homines fatiaret dira voluptas ?
 35 Hosne is felices dicat ? Tunc quisque beatur,
 Horrendum ! facinus quodcumque placebit agendo.
 Tunc Daemon, poenae damnatus et ipse perenni,
Horresco referens ! possit tamen esse beatus !

* Poems. By Prior.

Cerneret

- This is no more than a fool's Paradise,*
Which will be judg'd just nothing by the wise :
Wond'ring the mind so vain a state shou'd prise.
 35 *Strange ! that our * Poët this shou'd patronise !*
 Blest be the Princes, who have fought,
 For pompous name, or wide dominion :
 Since by their error we are taught,
 That Happiness is but Opinion.
 40 *What, cou'd he not, I ask, see those content,*
Who by their crimes cease to be innocent ?
Did he not men sooth'd by dire pleasure see ?
And cou'd he think, that these can happy be ?
Then, horrid thought ! all pleasing wickedness
 45 *Must the detested perpetrator blest !*
Then, though condemn'd to everlasting pain,
 With trembling, I this consequence expune !
The Devil too may happiness obtain !

I

He

- Cerneret hic mania contentos, seque putantes
 40 Reges, reginaeque, genu flexumque jubentes.
 Suntne ideo reges hi, reginaeque, beati?
 Nonne etiam in somnis contentos credimus ipsos,
 Somnia dum circum praecordia dulcia ludant?
 Verum ubi jam vigil est animus, propriumque vigorem
 45 Obtinet, his pudet illufum se fallere fucis.
 Quanto alius, qui contentus ratione beatur!
Solos felices viventes clamat, in omne
Officium, Virtus quod postulet ipsa, paratos.
Nempe beat caelo, atque mori vetat unica Virtus!
 50 Esto, sed dices. *Non omnia possumus omnes.*
 Confiteor: surge ergo, ac totas exsere vires.
 Nam quantum possis, hoc est in munere vestro:
Quanto plus poteris, tanto felicior ibis!

A T

- He might those too content in madness see,*
 50 *Kings, and queens, challenging the bended knee.*
Must all such kings, and queens then happy be?
Do we not also seem in sleep content,
While roving thoughts a pleasing dream praesent?
But, when the waking mind regains her sense,
 55 *She scorns such self-deceiving influence.*
How diff'rent he, whom reason shall content!
He holds none happy but the innocent:
Those, who with pleasure ever ready stand,
To execute what Virtue shall command.
 60 *Heav'n's blessing comes, onely, through Virtue's hand!*
Grant this, you'll say. All cannot all things do.
Agreed: rouse then, your best endeavors shew.
All that you can, you must your duty see:
The more you can, the happier you will be!

65 BUT

- A T Numen *justumque, bonumque*, haud nobilis Auctor
 55 Agnoscit. Nam idea haec et *justi* nostra *bonique*
 Rebus, ait, nostris tantum, haud caelestibus apta est.
 Mirum! quantum ex hoc fertur discrimine damni!
Dicere vix ausim, quonam haec dementia serpat:
Nam cur, lege pari, Numen sapiensque, potensque
 60 Admittat? Quoniam certe *sapientia nostra*
 Haud magis aptanda est, aut *nostra potentia* Divo.
 Idcirco ad finem, sibi Divus habebitur omni
 Privatus lucis radio, noctique remissus.
Numinis unde bonus cultor, nunc Atheus exit!
 65 Verum *justitiam* Divo haud dat homo, aut *bonitatem*:
 Ista tributa fluant Illi infinita necesse est;
 Humana inde Illi haud adfigere crimina possis.

Haud

- 65 BUT our fam'd Author holds it most profane,
 That we shou'd God or just, or good maintain:
 Because, he says, these our ideas join
 With human subjects onely, not divine.
 Strange! how great hurt from such distinction flows!
 70 I scarce dare say, how far this madness goes:
 For, by the self-same rule, how can he shew
 God wise and pow'rful? these ideas too
 Being both human, and in course not true.
 So, in the end, his God appears we see,
 75 Stript of all light, quite in the dark to be:
 So, Atheism crowns his infidelity!
 But God nor justice, nor His goodness owes
 To man; each infinite, and necessary flows,
 As His essential attribute: from thence no stain
 80 Of human kind, in Him, a place can gain.

C

He

- Haud umquam *his faveat, sit inexorabilis illis* :
 Dum tamen hanc terram Rector spectabit Olympi,
 70 * *Hae sibi erunt artes ; pacisque imponere morem,*
Parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos.
 Dona, precesque Deo, cui ipsos nos, *nostraque*, toti
Debemus, gratos nos explicuere solutae :
 Sic Dominum colimus parvo, ex quo cuncta tenemus.
 75 I nunc, *muneribus* dic nos *corrumpere* Divum !
 Exosus vero tibi cernitur esse sacerdos !
 Dempsto forte Deo, censes non posse ministro
 Esse locum. Ast alias, dic nobis, quid magis aptum,
 Quid Divi in cultu, possit magis esse decorum,
 80 Quam sanctum hoc munus doctis mandare ministris ?
 Qui doceant ignaros, admoneantque scientes,
 Immemores tamen officii, sua munera quae sint ;
 † *Quantum Relligio poterit suadere* bonorum !

* Virgilius, Aen. VI. v. 852. † Lucretius, L. I. v. 102.

Nil

- He never possibly can partial prove,*
Nor, without cause, some hate, and others love :
But while this earth Heav'n's King shall have in view,
 85 * *These He will make His arts ; peace to pursue,* }
Indulge the humble, and the proud subdue !
Our gifts and pray'rs to God, to whom we owe
Ourselves, and all we have, our duty shew :
So, by small payment, we our Lord confess,
 90 *From whom we hold the whole, that we possess.* }
Go now, and these our corrupt bribes profess !
But your chief hatred seems aim'd at the priest !
Perhaps, God once remov'd, you think at least
His minister shou'd follow. Otherwise,
 95 *Say, in God's worship, what can we devise*
More proper, what more decent can be seen,
Than to commit this charge to learned men ?
To teach the ignorant, the wise remind,
Shou'd they forget, what are their tasks assign'd ;
 100 † *What joys Relligion dictates to mankind !* }

Now

- Nil illi profunt haec Divo dona, precesque :
 85 Accipit has Divus, pauperque vicarius illa.
 Nec vano mentem complet terrore sacerdos :
 Nec fastu quodam interea distendit inani.
 Prodigia, haud aliud quam vox divina, loquuntur :
 * *Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divum !*
 90 Quod soli haec homini facta est, nil tale merenti,
Pulchra orbis facies, demonstrant omnia. Nonne
 Unicus incedit dominus : dum illi quoque parent,
 Et famulant animalia cetera cuncta libenter ?
Regiaque huic domino, dominoque aptissima tanto,
 95 Tellus exstructa, hanc habitaret dum integer ipse ;
 Criminibus tellus eadem, heu ! mortalibus aegris
Informe hospitium est, et carcere foedius omni.
 I nunc, te doceat rerum experientia solers !

* Virgilius, Aen. VI. v. 620.

Nonne

- Now from these gifts, and pray'rs to God, the priest*
Cannot derive the smallest interest :
God to himself kindly accepts the pray'r ;
The gift the poor, by his assignment, share.
 105 *No crafty terror has the priest supplied :*
Nor puff'd the mind up with as groundless pride.
Each prodigy, the voice of Heaven, cries :
 * *Learn justice warn'd, and not your God despise,*
That this our globe's most admirable plan
 110 *Was solely form'd, for undeserving man,*
All things demonstrate. Does he not appear
The lord possess'd of all ? Does he not hear
His voice command an universal sway ?
Do not all other animals obey,
 115 *And to his rule ready submission pay ?*
This charming feat, that was, at first, design'd
As a most proper palace for mankind ;
By sin how chang'd ! we now may justly call,
A filthy goal, a frightful hospital !
 120 *Go now, and down to wise experience fall !*

}
Are

Nonne universum cuncta effunduntur in orbem
 100 Crimina? Nonne obstat virtuti ibi prava libido?
 Nonne fere exstinxit rationem dira voluptas?
 Nonne opus est, ut vel taeda haecce reluceat; aut hac
 Divina meliore Deus se luce revelet;
 Peccantesque satis jam absterreat hosce gigantes,
 105 Audaces tentent ne scandere rursus Olympum?
 Sed prompte *exponis, quae sit sententia vestra.*
Nempe hoc tu statuis. Stabili res ordine pergunt,
Ordine quaeque suo: sic primo ab origine mundi
Jusserat Omnipotens. Hoc est. Post condita cuncta
 110 Uno in momento, * *Divi natura necesse est,*

* Lucretius. L. I. v. 57.

Immortali

Are not all crimes diffus'd the globe around?
Does not vile passion virtue here confound?
Does not dire pleasure here our reason blind?
Do we not want a new-inlighten'd mind;
 125 *Or, that with brighter light God wou'd revele*
Himself, and make these sinning giants feel
His wrath in mature time: lest so profane
They shou'd ev'n dare, to scale Heav'n's walls again?
But readily you now expose your crede:
 130 *Here you will hold. All things in course procede:*
As their Almighty Author first decreed.
That is. One moment must creation close:
*For ever thence, * the Divine Nature shews,*

*Immortali aevo summa cum pace fruatur,
Semota ab nostris rebus, sejunctaque longe :
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,
120 Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.
Heu ! veteri ingenio, tu vane, videberis uti,
Virtutem ac rationem ut gaudens perdere possis !*

*QVI castam vero virtutem quaerere nolit,
Iunonem facilem colet unusquisque magistram :
125 Felicemque in congressu dum se quoque jactat,
Is pictam praeter nubem haud amplectitur ullam.
Huic si qui forsan morbo medeantur amato,
Sanumque aegroto valeant jam reddere sensum ;*

Cum

*God must out of necessity retire,
135 And an immortal age in peace acquire ;
From our concerns far distant must he be,
Far ev'n from thought, that there are such as we :
For free from pain, from ev'ry danger free,
Wanting not us, in self-sufficiency,
140 Nor pleas'd with merit, nor can angry be.
Alas ! old wit will you, vain man, employ.
Virtue, and reason gladly to destroy !*

*BVT, from chaste Virtue, who thus chuse to fly,
Soon to some smiling Iuno will apply :
145 And while her seeming favors make them proud,
In fact will but embrace a painted cloud.
In this love-case, shou'd some a cure commence,
And with success restore their banish'd sense ;*

D

* O Friends !

- * *Cum redit ad sese : pol, me occidistis, amici !*
 130 *Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas ;*
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error !
Non opus esse Iovi, credo, hunc in Tartara mitti,
Perpetuamque rotam addici pro crimine poenam :
Nam circum in terris his nubibus usque rotatus,
 135 † *Volvitur Ixion, et se sequiturque, fugitque ;*
Momento a votis stabilem nec se tenet uno,
Centauros natos generans, nataeque chimaeras !
Nil differt tibi, ais, sit necne haec vita futura,
Verum esse, aut non esse, haud ullae res mage distant :
 140 *Perpendenda tibi est ea seria regula saltem ;*
Crimine qui socio periere, pudore resurgent !
Verum criminibus tandem dum oppressa jaceret,
Maxime tunc Graios illustrans, atque Quirites,
Quid docuit ratio ? Plures sine limite Divos :
 145 *Humanamque omni excedeutes crimine gentem !*

* Horatius, Epist. II. L. II. v. 138. † Ovidius, Metam. L. IV. v. 461.

Quid

- * O Friends ! you kill, not cure, *the patients cry,*
 150 While thus you rob us of our fav'rite joy ;
 And dear delusion of the mind destroy !
But Jove, I think, need not dispatch these hence,
To an infernal wheel, for their offence :
For here on earth, by painted clouds whirl'd round,
 155 *Ixion's fate their punishment is found.*
 † Each, on his wheel, himself flies, and pursues ;
Nor stops one moment from his restless views,
But bastard-centaurs and chimaeras shews.
 Whether, or not, a future life commence,
 160 You say, with you can make no difference ;
But sure you can no greater difference see,
Than this, either to be, or not to be :
This serious rule, at least, one thought might clame ;
Who die with guilt, will rise again with shame !
 165 *But while with crimes oppress'd our reason lay,*
What to fam'd Greeks, and Romans cou'd it say ?
Gods many, without limit, it ordain'd :
And those with worse than human vices stain'd.

What

Quid vero docuit magno sub Socrate? *Solum*
Vnumque esse Deum : vitamque impendere vero!
 Nonne, parans autem lethalem haurire cicutam,
 Gallum volt Divo jam sacrificare salutis?

150 Forte jocum ut medicis gratum facraret amicis;
 Si quem alium, se velle suum prius addere Divum.
 Quos Romae mores ratio monstrare valebat?
 Praecipiant *nulli* * Ciceronis verba nocere,
 Vindictam *nisi* fors *injuria* certa *laceffat*.

155 Sed, credo a Christo, † *fatyrae* sententia quanto
 Iustior! *Infirmi est animi, exiguique voluptas*
Vltio. Christus ait. *Tibi quod vis, feceris omni.*
 En! quae caeca jacet rationis taeda, suo jam
 Lumine tacta, magis, magis et, rediviva relucet!

* *Ne cui quis noceat, nisi laceffitus injuria.* Cicero, De Officiis. L. I. S. 7.
 † Juvenalis, Sat. XIII. v. 191. *Christum citans, saltem sequens.*

Exortus

What cou'd it through great Socrates revele?
 170 One onely God: and death the truth to seal.
But, did he not, praeparating for his fate,
A cock to Aesculapius consecrate?
A joke perhaps to Physic he refers;
If one God more he own'd, it shou'd be hers.
 175 *What morals to the Romans cou'd it shew?*
 * *Cicero's words command no harm to do;*
 Unless resentment for some wrong you owe.
But, sure from Christ, we in the † satyr find!
 Revenge can onely please a little mind!
 180 *Christ says.* The same to ev'ry other do,
 Which you wou'd wish, with reason, done to you.
Lo! reason, which so long in darknes lay,
Touch'd by His light, resumes a brighter ray.

}

160 Exortus jam nunc *justi Sol splendet et aequi,*
 Quamquam hinc demissus, Caelo cito redditus alto!
 Hujus adoravit radios gens cuncta benignos,
 Peccati ab diris redimi gavisa tenebris:
 Ipso ni soliti obcaecari in sole bubones.

165 AT miror! *contra stimulos cur calcitret* Auctor
 Ingenio illustris, quem *se prostrasse* putarem,
 Pauli instar, *tanta dum* Christus luce niteret!
 Cum tamen huic, laesa mox majestate periret
 Nobilitas sua; Rex, vel si voluisset, eandem

170 Virtutem penitus temnenti haud reddere posset.
 * *Nobilitas*, etenim, *vera est atque unica Virtus.*

* Juvenalis, Sat. VIII. v. 20.

De FRAGMENTO jure dici potest.

—— Πλέον ἥμισυ πάντος. HESIODVS.

F I N I S.

The Sun of Righteousness, *which lately shone*
 185 *On earth, is to His native Heaven gone.*
His genial rays blest ev'ry mortal's sight,
Glad to be ransom'd from sin's dismal night:
Excepting owls, who become blind by light.

BVT I admire! so great a genius known,
 190 *Kicking the pricks, shou'd not, like Paul, fall down,*
Now Christ around so bright a light has thrown.
Yet when stain'd foul with treason he retir'd,
And his nobility in guilt expir'd;
The King, had he the will, had not the pow'r,
 195 *Virtue so scorn'd, his honor to restore.*
*For, * that is true nobility alone:*
Where Virtue has in its full lustre shone!

Of the FRAGMENT it may justly be said.

—— The half exceeds the whole. HESIOD.

Erratum in Title, line penult. for Septuageffima read, Septuagesima

E N D.

Corrige v.164 Bubones ni ipso obcaecari in sole notati.

